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Drops, disconcerted, and distrest,
And sinks into its silent nest;
All nature dreads the caustic power,
And beauty closes up her flower.

Take then in time, the wiser part,
Pluck this ill habit from the heart;
Cast off thy wreath of Aconite,
From Cynic change to parasite,
In velvet sheath conceal thy claws,
And, with soft flattery, purr applause.
Employ thy pen in prattle-prattle,
And still be snake, but drown thy rattle;
For satire still with all his cant,
Has more or less of sycophant.

Come forth, and dare the searching sun,
Nor like the base assassin, run,
Nor still remain, as now thou'rt seen,
The monster of a magazine;
So shalt thou rise to worldly fame,
And borrow a sublimer name,
Than now you share with Johnson's wife,
A POISONER OF THE BREAD OF LIFE. X.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Written by a girl, only 13 years of age.

REJOICE, rejoice, the lovely child,
Has just escap'd a world of woe,
Clos'd are its eyes that beam'd so mild,
Oh! let not tears of sorrow flow.

Its limbs were all convuls'd with pain,
It linger'd till the close of day,
Oh! then a mother's tears were vain,
It sigh'd its little soul away.

That soul as white, as pure as snow,
To Heaven all spotless did return,
Oh! then rejoice, feel no more woe,
It smiles upon you while you mourn.
Salutore.

AD SOMNUM.

SOMNE levis, quanquam certissima mor-
tis imago,

Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori,
Alma quies, optata: veni! nam sic sine
vita,

Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte
mori.

TRANSLATED.

SOFT Sleep, best image of our final
rest,

Come to my couch and close my droop-
ing eye;

How sweet with thee, oh! ever welcome
guest!

Lifeless to live, unbound by death to
die.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE following verses are extract-
ed from a manuscript poem found
BELFAST MAG. NO. IV.

among the papers of a friend of mine,
now no more. The subject is, Remarks
on the Poets and Versifiers of this part
of Ireland. As in some parts it al-
ludes to names now almost forgotten,
and in others, deals out censures in
a manner, that many would think
too severe, I do not wish to lay the
whole before the public; but as the
passage I have selected is not liable
to these exceptions, and relates to a
person, who has excited no small
degree of interest, not only in this
province, but in the sister kingdom,
I thought that it might not be unac-
ceptable. It must be remembered, it
was composed soon after the Poet, who
is the subject of it, had written his
verses on Commerce, which were hand-
ed about in manuscript some years
before any intention of publishing
his works was intimated. Had the
book been published, probably the
Critic's sentiments would have been
somewhat changed.

The latter part has no particular
connection with the former, but as it
strikes at no particular person, and
is merely intended to expose the ab-
surdities of many of those Poets who
figure in the corner of a Newspaper,
it is annexed to show the spirit which
pervades the whole. Yours,

AMICUS.

FROM genius in its mid-day blaze,
Let us avert our dazzled gaze,
To milder splendours turn our eyes,
And view young genius in its rise;
For see, with emulation fir'd,
With true poetic flames inspir'd,
Young ROBINSON appears; a name
Scarce enter'd on the rolls of fame;
Yet on his birth the Muses smil'd,
And hail'd him as their favourite child.
Smit with his dawning infant charms,
They fondly nurs'd him in their arms,
And as they lull'd him to repose,
Their most melodious strain they chose;
Then smil'd to hear the infant bard,
Lisping, repeat the notes he heard.

Hail! reverend PEARCY, sacred name,
Wilt thou my zeal officious blame?
Wilt thou the proffer'd incense spurn,
That rises from my humble urn?
PEARCY, whose keen research explor'd
The mines with ancient learning stor'd,
Op'd the recesses where they lay,
Neglected victims of decay,
And taught the modern poet's rhymes,
To chaunt the tale of other times.
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